DARKSIDERS® II

DEATH'S DOOR

BASED ON THE HIT GAME FROM THQ and VIGIL GAMES

ANDREW KREISBERG DAVID SLAGLE ROGER ROBINSON MICHAEL ATIYEH

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script
ANDREW KREISBERG
and **DAVID SLAGLE**

art
ROGER ROBINSON

colors
MICHAEL ATIYEH

lettering
MICHAEL HEISLER

front cover art
JOE MADUREIRA
with **AVERY COLEMAN**

DARK HORSE BOOKS

publisher
MIKE RICHARDSON

collection designer
KAT LARSON

assistant editors
BRENDAN WRIGHT and SHANTEL LaROCQUE

editor
DAVE MARSHALL

DARKSIDERS II: DEATH'S DOOR

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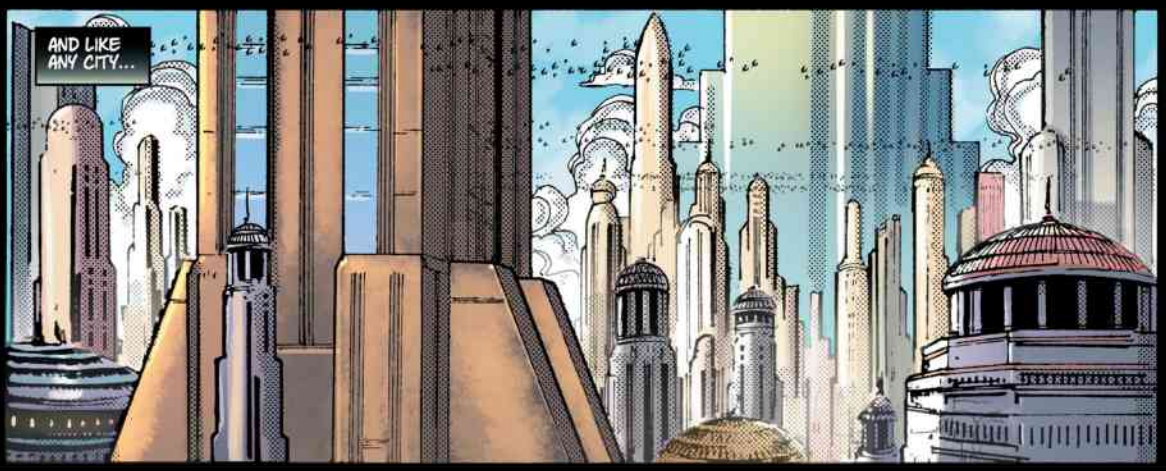
president and publisher MIKE RICHARDSON executive vice president NEIL HANKERSON chief financial officer TOM WEDDLE vice president of publishing RANDY STRADLEY vice president of book trade sales MICHAEL MARTENS vice president of business affairs ANITA NELSON vice president of marketing MATT PARKINSON vice president of product development DAVID SCROGGY vice president of information technology DALE LAFOUNTAIN senior director of print, design, and production DARLENE VOGEL general counsel KEN LIZZI editorial director DAVEY ESTRADA senior managing editor SCOTT ALLIE senior books editor CHRIS WARNER executive editor DIANA SCHUTZ director of print and development CARY GRAZZINI art director LIA RIBACCHI director of scheduling CARA NIECE director of international licensing TIM WIESCH director of digital publishing MARK BERNARDI

IF ANYONE BORN TO THE KINGDOM OF MAN COULD SEE THIS, THEY WOULD CALL IT HEAVEN.

TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE FIRST KINGDOM, IT IS CALLED THE WHITE CITY. WHERE ANGELS AND SERAPHIM DWELL.


AND LIKE ANY CITY...

...IT HAS ITS BACK ALLEYS.

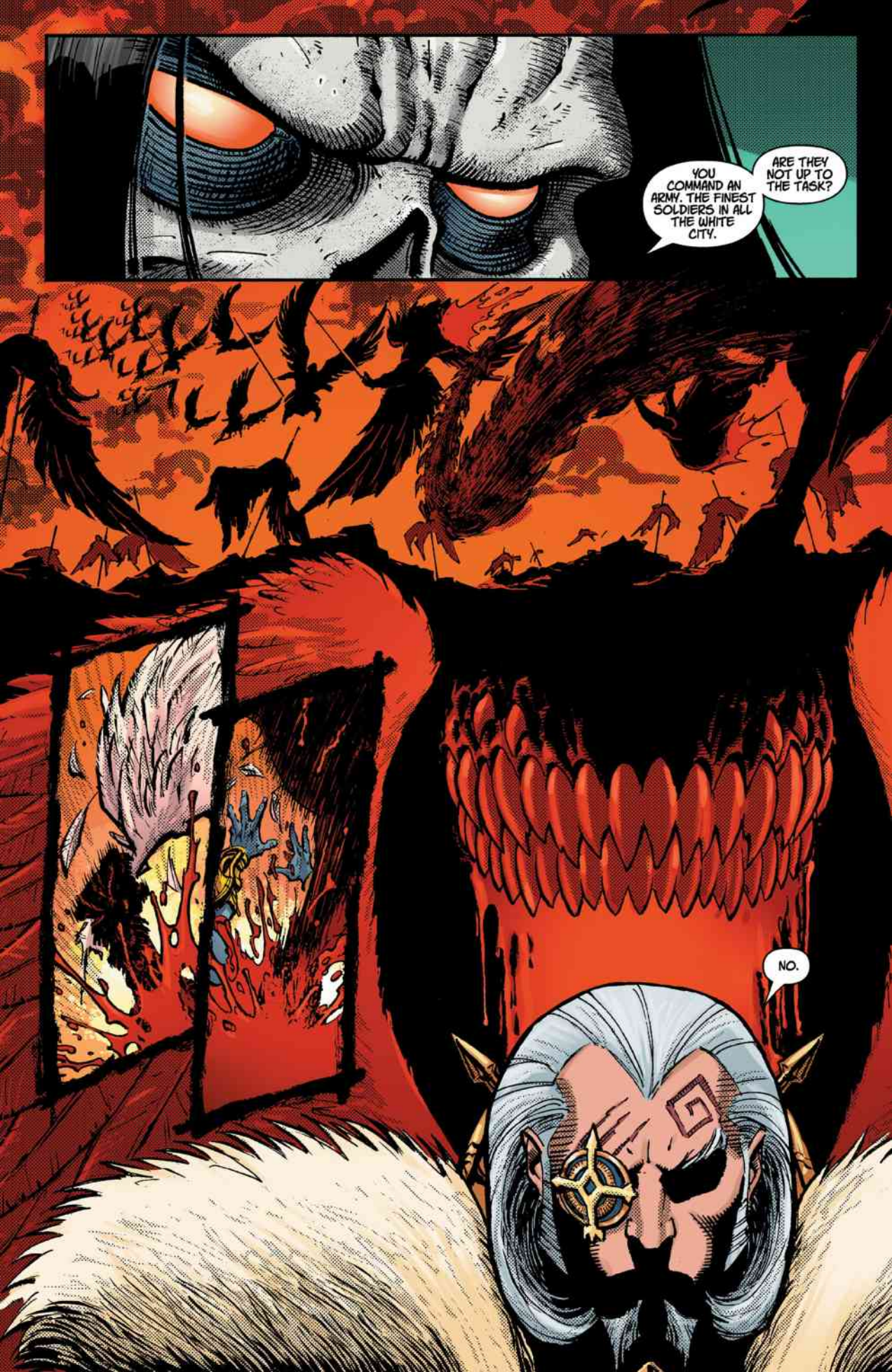
I AM KNOWN AS DEATH. THE REAPER OF SOULS.
I AM A NEPHILIM. A RACE NEARLY AS ANCIENT AS ANGEL AND DEMON. NO MORE ONE THAN THE OTHER.
I AM ONE OF THE FOUR. I AND MY BROTHERS AND SISTER, WAR, STRIFE, AND FURY, HAVE HELPED MAINTAIN THE BALANCE OF POWER BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL.
CHARGED BY THE CHARRED COUNCIL, WE WAIT PATIENTLY FOR THE SEVENTH SEAL TO BE BROKEN. AFTER, WE WILL BRING ABOUT THE APOCALYPSE, WHEN THE ERA OF MAN WILL END IN BLOOD AND DESTRUCTION.
UNTIL THEN...
...THERE ARE OTHER TASKS AT HAND.

ABADDON.
LEADER OF THE WHITE CITY'S LEGIONS -- THE HELLGUARD.
HE MAY HAVE WINGS, BUT HE IS NO ANGEL.

NOT SURE WHY HE IS TRYING TO KILL ME.
AFTER ALL...
...HE DID INVITE ME TO MEET HIM HERE.
YOUR MANNER OF GREETING LEAVES SOMETHING TO BE DESIRED.

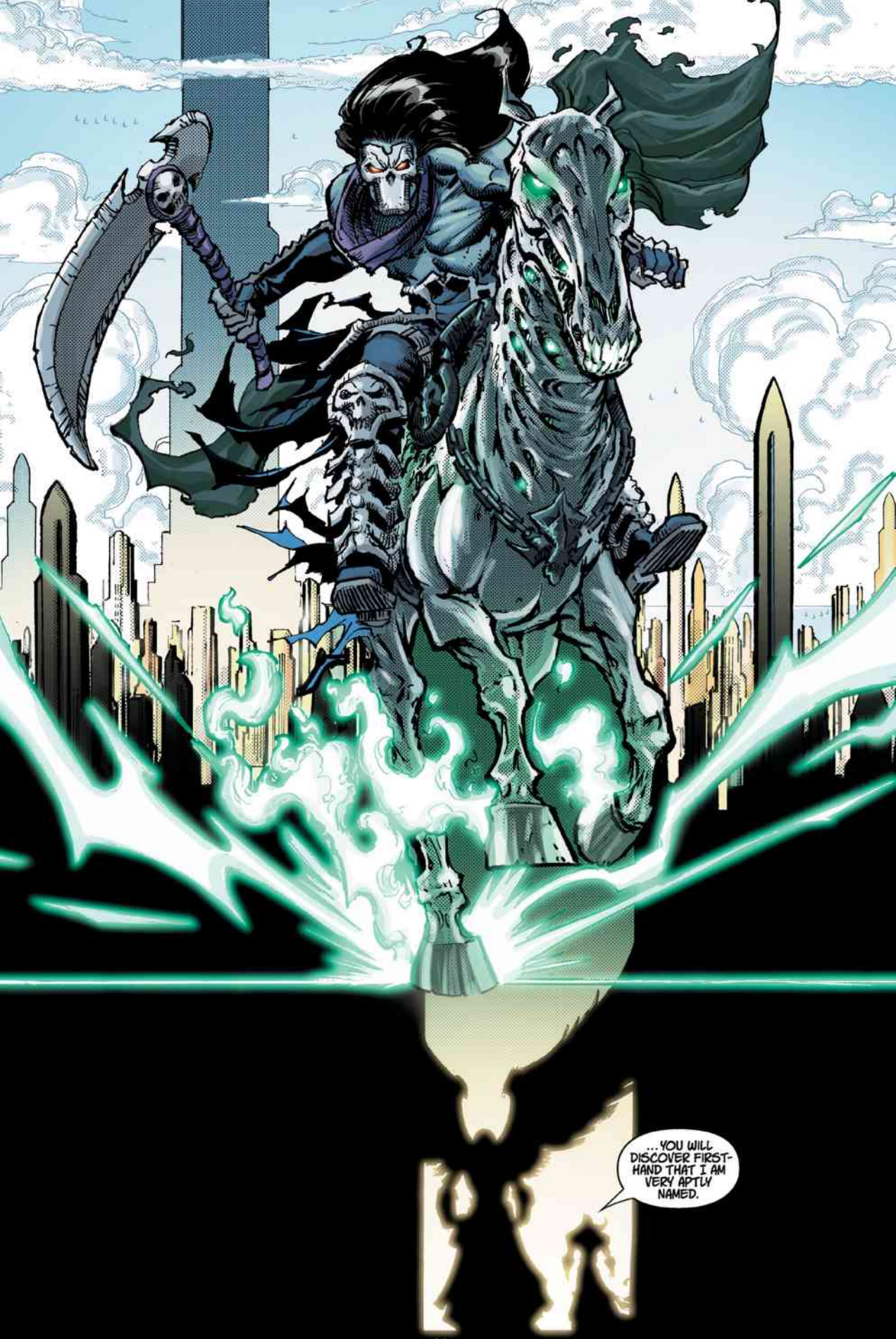
I NEEDED TO KNOW IF YOUR REPUTATION AS A WARRIOR WAS AN EXAGGERATION. .
GIVEN THAT MY BLADE IS POISED TO SEPARATE YOU FROM YOUR MANHOOD, I FEAR THAT MAY BE the CASE.

YOU RISK MUCH TO PARLAY.
~ YOU BELIEVE I SHOULD FEAR YOU?
ONLY A FOOL WOULD FACE ME WITHOUT FEAR.
DO YOU CONSIDER YOURSELF A FOOL?
WHY DID YOU SUMMON ME, ABADDON? WHAT BUSINESS DOES AN ANGEL HAVE WITH A HORSEMAN?
THIS BUSINESS DOES NOT CONCERN AN ANGEL, BUT A DEMON.
A FEARSOME CREATURE, SOAKED IN THE BLOOD OF MYRIAD SOULS. IT HAS ESCAPED TO THE THIRD KINGDOM. THE HUMANS HAVE NO DEFENSE AGAINST SUCH, A GROTESQUE.
I WANT YOU TO KILL IT.


YOU COMMAND AN ARMY. THE FINEST SOLDIERS IN ALL THE WHITE CITY.
ARE THEY NOT UP TO THE TASK?
NO.

I CANNOT RIDE TO EARTH WITHOUT . SANCTION. >
FROM THE < WHISPERS I HAVE 5 HEARD, YOU WOULD NOT BE THE F/FST HORSEMAN < TO SLIP THE COUNCIL'S / X. REINS. JX
<OU ARE A\ 7 FOOL, ABADDON. GIVE ME A SINGLE REASON I WOULD 1 ACCEPT THIS REQUEST.
TOPROVE ~ YOUR STRENGTH AND SKILL IN COMBAT AGAINST A FEARSOME OPPONENT.
Z YOU \ CONFUSE ME WITH MY BROTHER, WAR. I DO NOT SEEK COMBAT < FOR COMBATS < SAKE.
DO THIS TASK AND I WILL BE INDEBTED TO < ^U. j
THAT WOULD BE A REASON...
...IF I

THEN VALUE THE KINGDOM OF MAN.
THE DEMON WILL FEED ON THE HUMAN ANIMAL UNTIL IT IS GORGED WITH THEIR WORLD ENTIRE. SLAKED ONLY BY THEIR EXTERMINATION.
WAITING TO FOMENT THE APOCALYPSE IS WHAT GIVES YOUR EXISTENCE MEANING, DEATH. CAN YOU BRING ARMAGEDDON TO AN EARTH ALREADY DESTROYED?
I HAVE NO SANCTION TO VISIT EARTH. MY SCYTHE WOULD BE POWERLESS.
THERE ARE OTHER WAYS. VISIT VULGRIM—A PURVEYOR IN THE IMPOSSIBLE. HE WILL PROVIDE THE NECESSARY TOOL...
...FOR A PRICE.
VERY WELL.
BUT TAKE CARE, ABADDON. IF I SMELL ANY TREACHERY ON YOUR PART...


...YOU WILL DISCOVER FIRST-HAND THAT I AM VERY APTLY NAMED.

I AM AT THE EDGE OF FOREVER. THE FIRST STEP ON MY QUEST.
THE ANGEL ABADDON HAS ASKED ME TO SLAY A ROGUE DEMON LET LOOSE UPON EARTH.
I HAVE AGREED TO SMITE THE BEAST.
AS A HORSEMAN OF THE APOCALYPSE, MY VERY EXISTENCE STANDS FOR BALANCE.
THE BALANCE BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL.
BETWEEN DARKNESS AND LIGHT.
THIS CREATURE HAS UPSET THAT BALANCE.
BALANCE WILL BE RESTORED.

THE RIVER STYX.

IN THE LANGUAGE OF THE GREEKS ON EARTH, STYX TRANSLATES AS "HATE"
LIKE MYSELF, IT HAS WELL EARNED ITS APPELLATION.
THE RIVER STYX CONTAINS WRATHFUL SOULS LOST BETWEEN THE THREE KINGDOMS AND THE WELL OF SOULS.
HERE THEY DROWN IN THEIR OWN ANGER AND BILE. FOR ALL ETERNITY.
BUT IT IS A NECESSARY EVIL...

THIS MISSION TO EARTH HAS NOT BEEN SANCTIONED BY THE CHARRED COUNCIL.
MY WEAPON -- MY SCYTHE -- MUST HAVE LEAVE TO ACT.
I AM THEREFORE FORCED TO SEEK OUT AN ALTERNATIVE BLADE WITH WHICH TO SEND THIS DEMON BACK TO HELL.
WHICH BRINGS ME TO VULGRIM.
is
A DEMON MERCHANT SERVING THE BLACK MARKETS OF THE UNDERWORLD.
FROM HIM, I COULD OBTAIN THE NECESSARY TOOL.
AN EXOTIC REQUEST, HORSEMAN.
FOR SUCH AN EXOTIC WEAPON...
...I WILL REQUIRE AN EXOTIC FEE.

WHY VULGRIM SUCH A...PRIZE... I DO NOT KNOW.
BUT HE SHALL HAVE IT.
THE LOST SOULS RELEASE ME.
IT IS NOT ME THEY RUN FROM. WHAT MORE CAN THEY FEAR FROM DEATH ITSELF...
I WOULD ASK FROM WHAT IN ETERNITY THEY HAYE TO SHIRK. BUT I ALREADY KNOW THE ANSWER. IT IS WHY I PLUNGED MY ARM IN STYX.
SO IT COULD GET MY SCENT.

THE LEVIATHAN.

ANY BEING WITH EVEN THE BASEST HINT OF SANITY WOULD FLEE FROM SUCH A BEAST.
AND YET, HERE I AM.
WRAHHRWRRRR

THIS MUST EE THE WAY. MY SCYTHE WILL NOT STAND TRUE ON EARTH WITHOUT LEAVE OF THE COUNCIL. IN EXCHANGE FOR A WEAPON I CAN UTILIZE...

...VULGRIM HAS ASKED FOR THE NEAR IMPOSSIBLE.

THE CREATURE'S TONGUE.

THIS WILL NOT BE DIGNIFIED.

r NOTHING QUITE A SO DELICIOUS AS THE SOUL OF THE DEVOUT. SO FULL OF SWEET PIETY. SUCCULENT < REVERENCE. y

CONSUMING THE ~ SOUL OF A HEATHEN CAN BE FAR LESS SATISFYING. THEIR...QUESTIONING CAN SOMETIMES LEAVE A BITTER AFTERTASTE. NOW -

~ •• NOW TO A BUSINESS. CAN I INTEREST YOU IN A GENUINE ANGEL'S HARP— >

KERRRASSHH!

NOW. ..

...YOU OWE ME A BLADE.

He HAS NO NAME.
AT LEAST NONE HE HAS EVER GIVEN.
HE IS KNOWN AS THE HORSEMASTER.
CUSTODIAN OF THE FAR FIELDS.
WHEN HE IS AT REST, NO BEING HAS KNOWN GREATER SERENITY.
AND WHEN CALLED TO ARMS..
...NO BEING IS SWIFTER AT BRINGING EVERLASTING DARKNESS...
KERACKKK!!!

...SAVE FOR ME.

T THAT'S THE NEAREST YOU HAVE GOTTEN BEFORE I HEARD YOU. EITHER I AM GETTING OLD OR YOU ARE GETTING K CAGIER. >
YOU ARE GETTING OLD.

< HELLO, > DESPAIR. I SEE YOU HAVE FAILED TO THROW YOUR RIDER < OFF FOR GOOD, y

WHAT BRINGS YOU TO MY FIELDS? .
< IS THIS NAG NO LONGER OF SERVICE TO A GREAT HORSEMAN OF THE . ~ APOCALYPSE? J

' I NEED YOU TO OPEN A SERPENT HOLE FOR ME. .

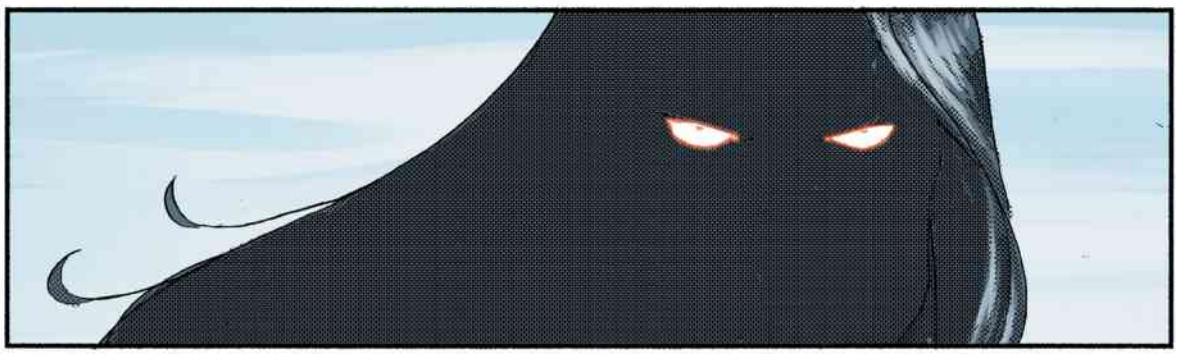
' SURELY YOU DO NOT NEED ME FOR SUCH A REQUEST? >
' AH.WVSO YOU WOULD DRAW ME INTO YOUR . CONSPIRACY? >
LIVES ARE AT STAKE.

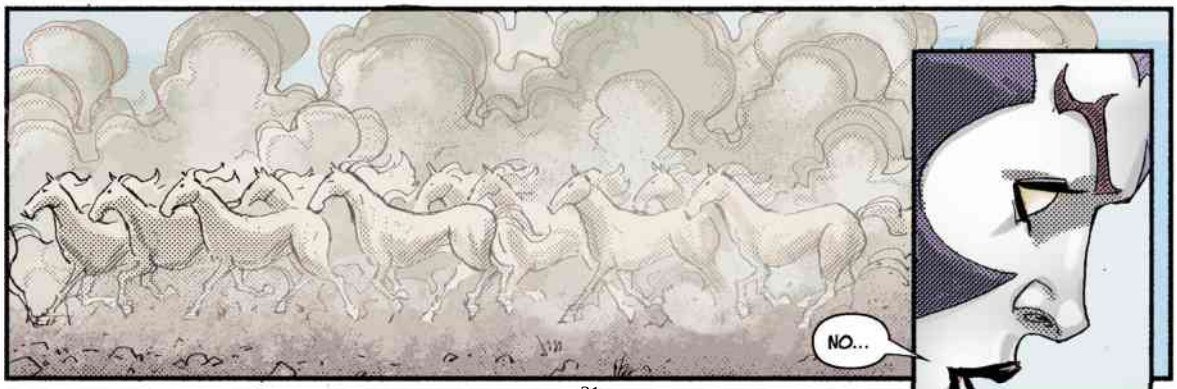
< AS YOUR NAME ' IMPLIES, WITH YOU THERE ALWAYS ARE, < MY FRIEND. >
I REMEMBER WHEN YOU FIRST CAME HERE. WITH YOUR BROTHERS < AND SISTER. >
A FLEDGLING HORSEMAN...

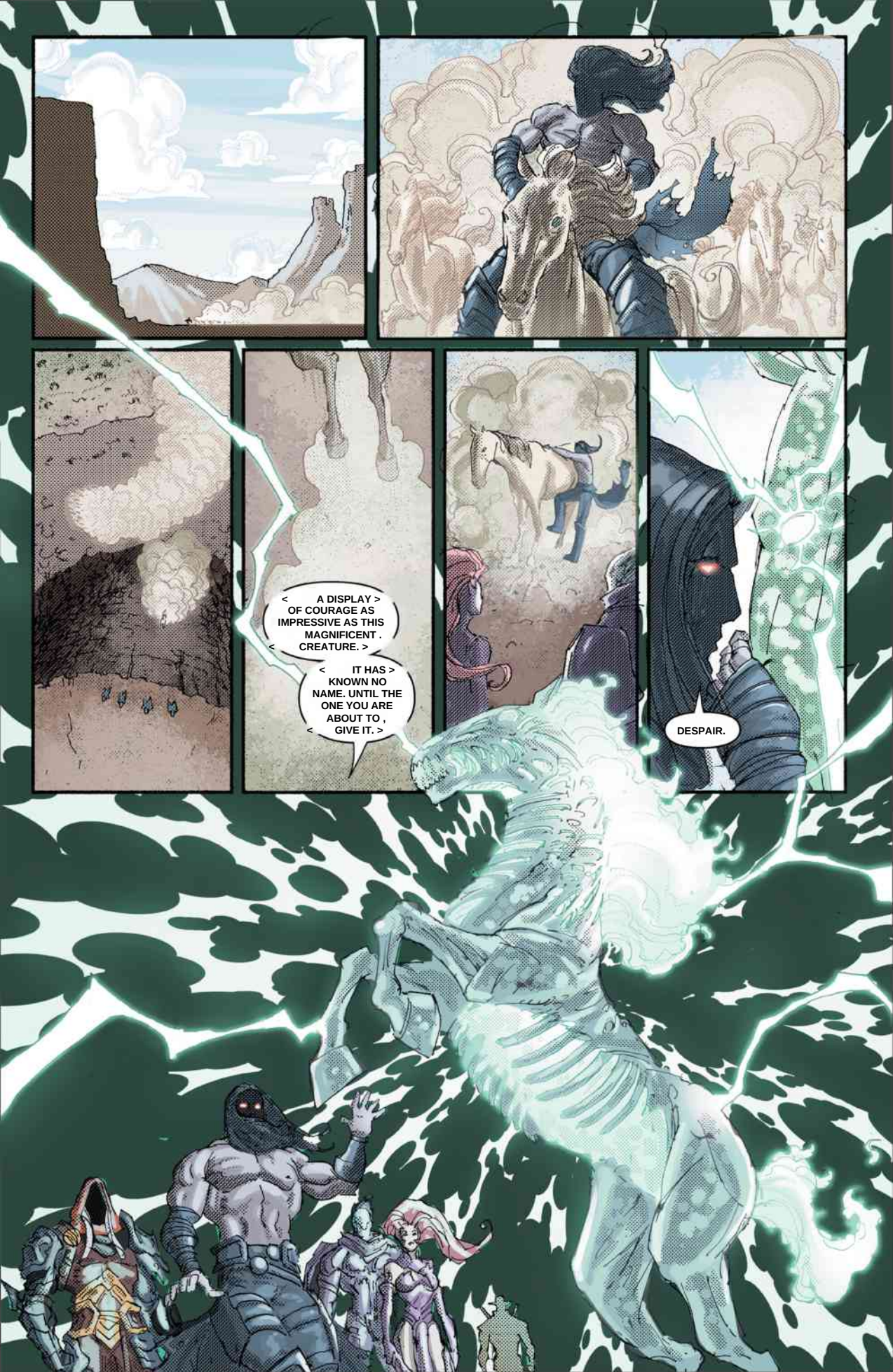
"... IN NEED OF A HORSE."
PUT ASIDE YOUR WEAPONS.
TAMING THESE BEASTS WILL REQUIRE A TOOL OF FAR GREATER STRENGTH.
THEY ARE ANCIENT. THE BLOOD OF CREATION FLOWS THROUGH THEIR VEINS. THE WINDS OF ETERNITY BLOW THROUGH THEIR MANES.
THEY WILL NOT YIELD TO STEEL OR WHIP, TO GUN OR BLADE.
ONLY TO YOUR WILL.

CARE TO WAGER WHO WILL TAME THE FIRST BEAST?
YOUR BOASTS ARE BEGINNING TO OUTNUMBER YOUR VICTORIES, WAR.
AND YET IT WAS I, SINGLE HANDEDLY, WHO BROUGHT THE LEGIONS OF ANUBIS TO THEIR KNEES.
SINCE IT WAS YOU WHO INFLAMED THEM TO BATTLE, WAS IT NOT YOUR RESPONSIBILITY TO DO SO?
KERRRACKKK!!
ENOUGH! YOU BICKER LIKE MORTAL CHILDREN.
I DESPAIR THAT NONE OF YOU HAS THE FORTITUDE TO BECOME WHAT YOU MUST.

WHEN DID? HE BECOME THE CASH ONE?




NO...


< A DISPLAY > OF COURAGE AS IMPRESSIVE AS THIS MAGNIFICENT . CREATURE. >
< IT HAS > KNOWN NO NAME. UNTIL THE ONE YOU ARE ABOUT TO , GIVE IT. >
DESPAIR.

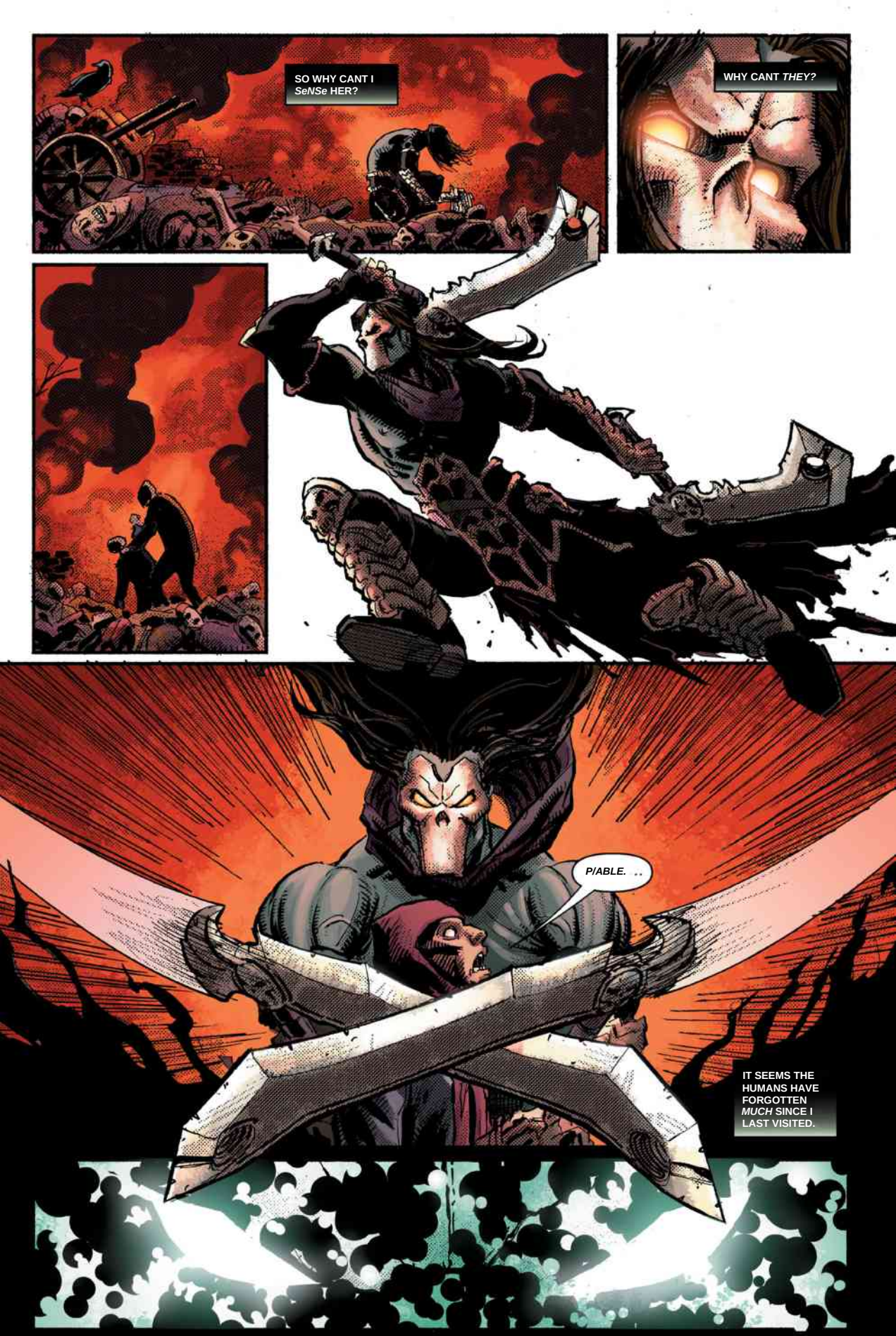
IT SEEMS YOU ARE STILL THE RASH ONE.
I WILL FIND ACCESS TO A SERPENT HOLE. WITH OR WITHOUT YOUR HELP.
YOUR CAUSES HAVE ALWAYS BEEN JUST, HORSEMAN. I HAVE NO REASON TO DOUBT YOUR WORD NOW.
BUT KNOW THAT THE CHARRED COUNCIL HAS LITTLE FORGIVENESS FOR DEFIANCE. AND WHEN THE HEAVENS TREMBLE WITH RAGE...

...IT IS ALWAYS THE EARTH THAT SUFFERS.

A SERPENT HOLE IS A PLACE OF DARKNESS.

...IN DEATH.

MARS&U.ES, FRANCE
THE CORPSES ARE EVERYWHERE. SOME TAKEN BY ROT. OTHERS, FIRE.
STILL, ALL TELL THE TALE I HEARD FROM ABADDON-
- ALL TELL OF A DEMON COME TO EARTH.

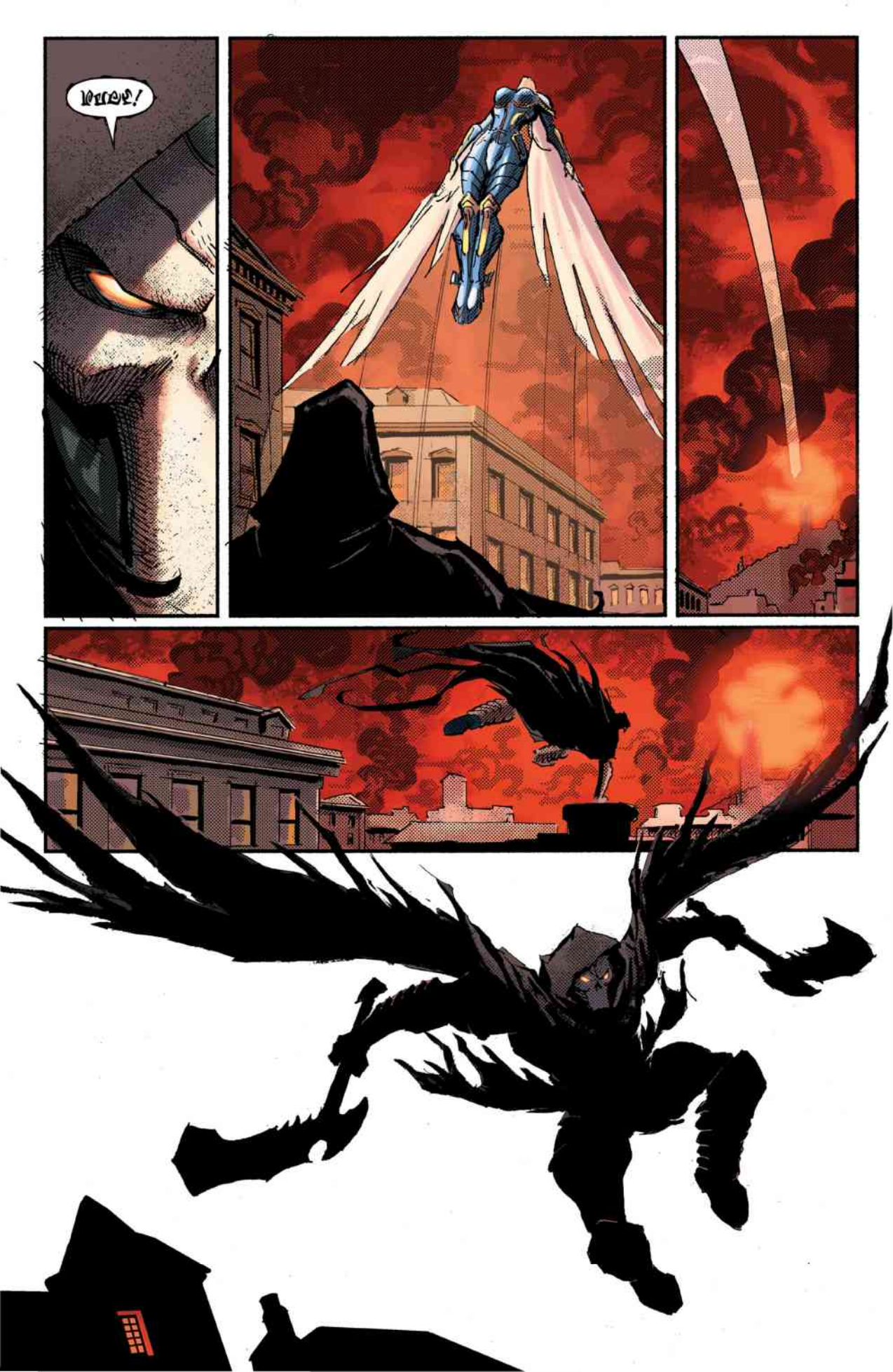

SO WHY CANT I *SeNSe* HER?
WHY CANT *THEY?*
P/ABLE. ..
IT SEEMS THE HUMANS HAVE FORGOTTEN *MUCH* SINCE I LAST VISITED.

I MAKE MY REACQUAINTANCE.
AND FIND MY FIRST CLUE -- HUNG AROUND THE PEASANT'S NECK.
INTERESTING...
THERE IS NO TIME TO WASTE.

I ADOPT A DISGUISE, ONE THAT I HAVE USED ON PREVIOUS JOURNEYS.
AN IMAGE BURNED INTO HUMANITY'S NIGHTMARES.
SO BE IT.
THERE ARE MANY WHO WOULD HARM THE KINGDOM OF MAN.

STILL, HUMANITY HAS COME FAR SINCE THEY WORE ZfxWS, AND KILLED THINGS WITH *PO/fi/TY ST/CKS.*
RAW!
PERHAPS...

ARRRRRRAAAAAAAAH!!
CLANG!
TIME SEEMS TO STOP AS OUR ELADES CROSS.
AND I FIND MYSELF FACING ABADDON'S DEMON.


ᴘᴜᴄᴋ!

THERE IS THE SOURCE OF YOUR SUFFERING, MY FAITHFUL CHILDREN.
THERE IS THE ONE CALLED DEATH.

I HAVE A PROBLEM.
IT HAS TWO WINGS. IT SPREADS BRIMSTONE AND FIRE.
A DARKNESS THAT THREATENS TO TAINT MEN'S SOULS... OR WORSE, TO CONSUME THEM.
TUEZ-LUI!
POUR LA FEMME --
MERDE!
IT HAS ALREADY CLAIMED THOUSANDS OF LIVES.
COUNTLESS MORE HANG IN THE BALANCE.
THIS IS WHO ABADDON SENT ME TO KILL.

BUT THIS IS *NOT* A DEMON.

ENOUGH.

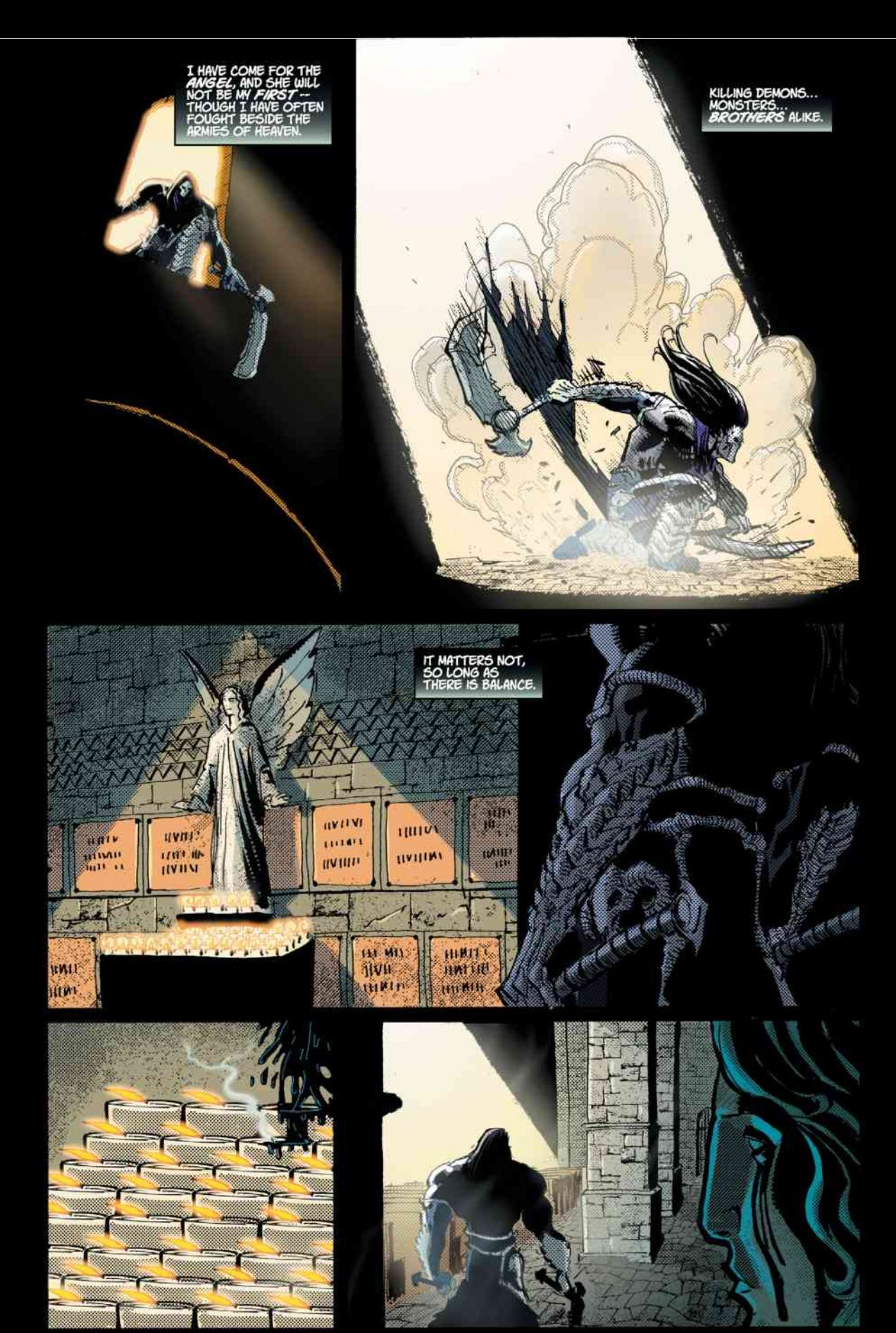
THE HUMANS BLAME ME FOR ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED HERE. I CAN FEEL MY NAME UPON THEIR LIPS.

LA MORT. LA PESTE NOIRE...

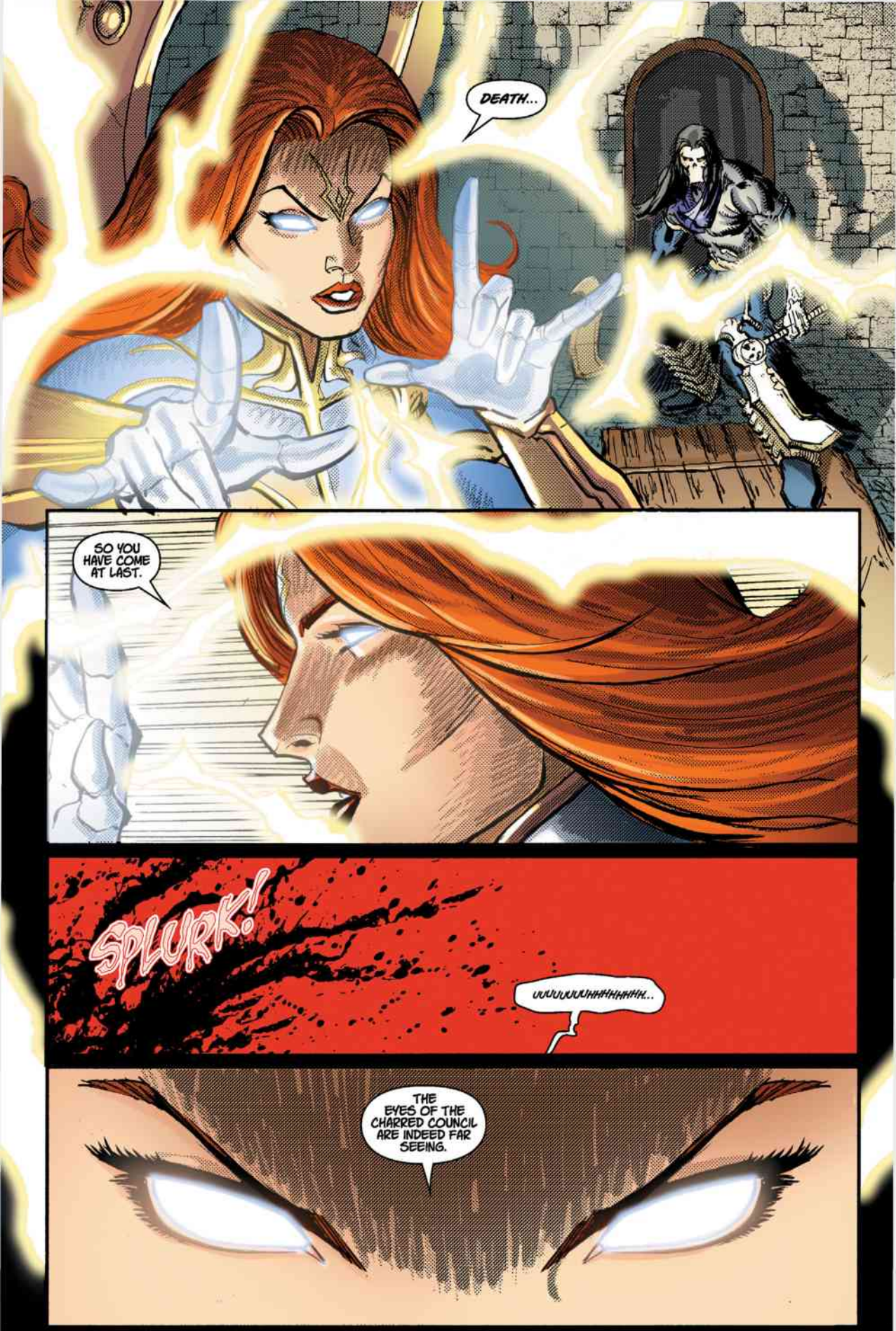
...DEATH.
THE WORDS DRIP LIKE POISON.

BUT THE HUMANS NEED NOT FEAR MY SCYTHE.

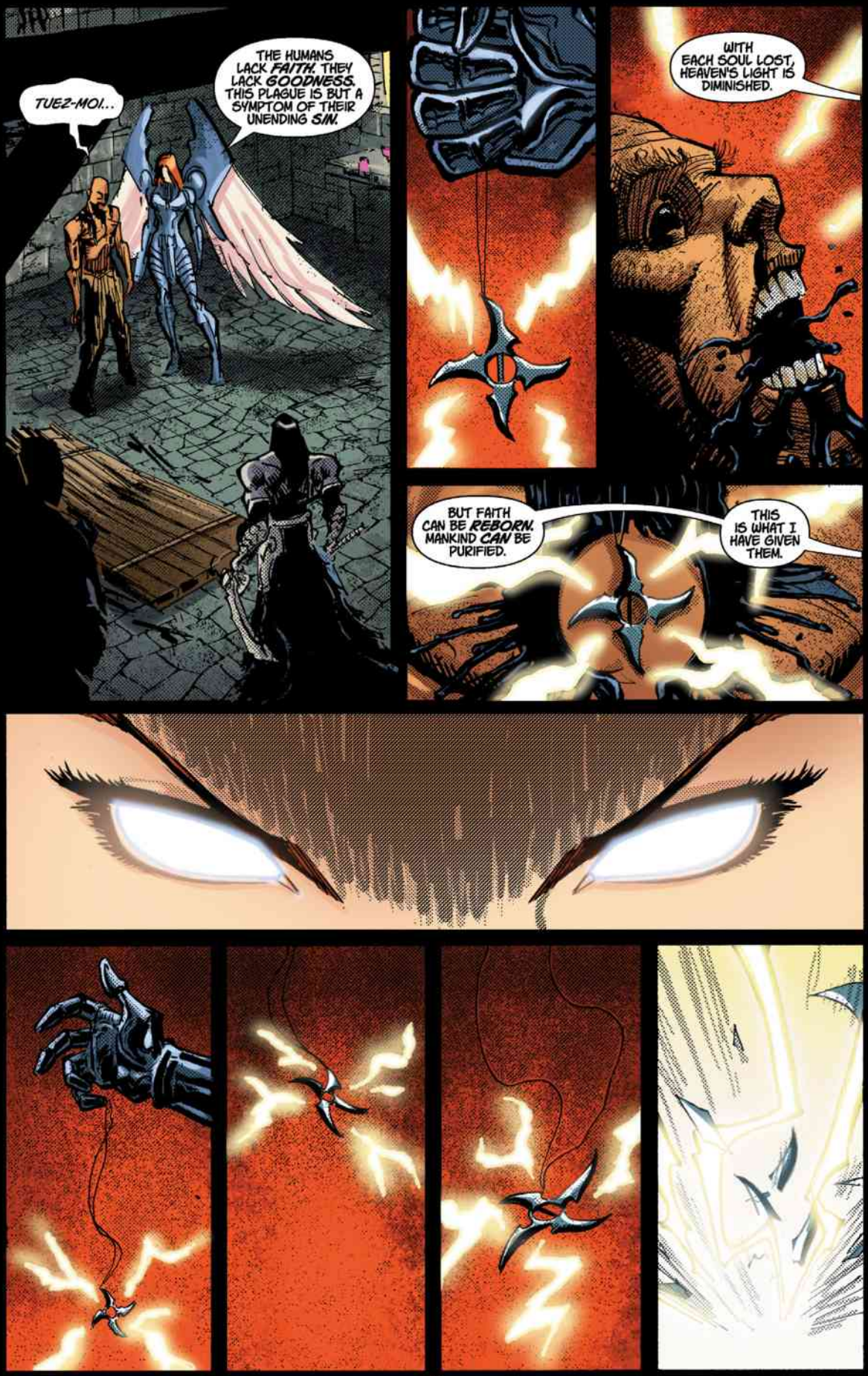
NOT YET.
THOUGH THEY SEEM TO HAVE A TALENT FOR BLOCKING MY PATH.


I HAVE COME FOR THE *ANGEL*, AND SHE WILL NOT BE MY *FIRST* -- THOUGH I HAVE OFTEN FOUGHT BESIDE THE ARMIES OF HEAVEN.
KILLING DEMONS... MONSTERS... *BROTHERS* ALIKE.
IT MATTERS NOT, SO LONG AS THERE IS BALANCE.

AT LEAST -- THAT IS WHAT THE CHARRED COUNCIL TELLS US.
BUT I OFTEN WONDER...
WHAT KIND OF CREATOR WOULD SET THE WORLD UPON SUCH A WRETCHED FULCRUM?
A SCALE THAT CAN ONLY BE SWAYED BY BLOOD.
ONLY IN *DEATH* CAN THERE BE BALANCE.
PERHAPS THAT IS WHY, EVEN HERE ON THE PLAINS OF EARTH... I AM *EXPECTED*.


DEATH...
SO YOU HAVE COME AT LAST.
SPLURK!
UUUUUUUHHHHHHHH...
THE EYES OF THE CHARRED COUNCIL ARE INDEED FAR SEEING.

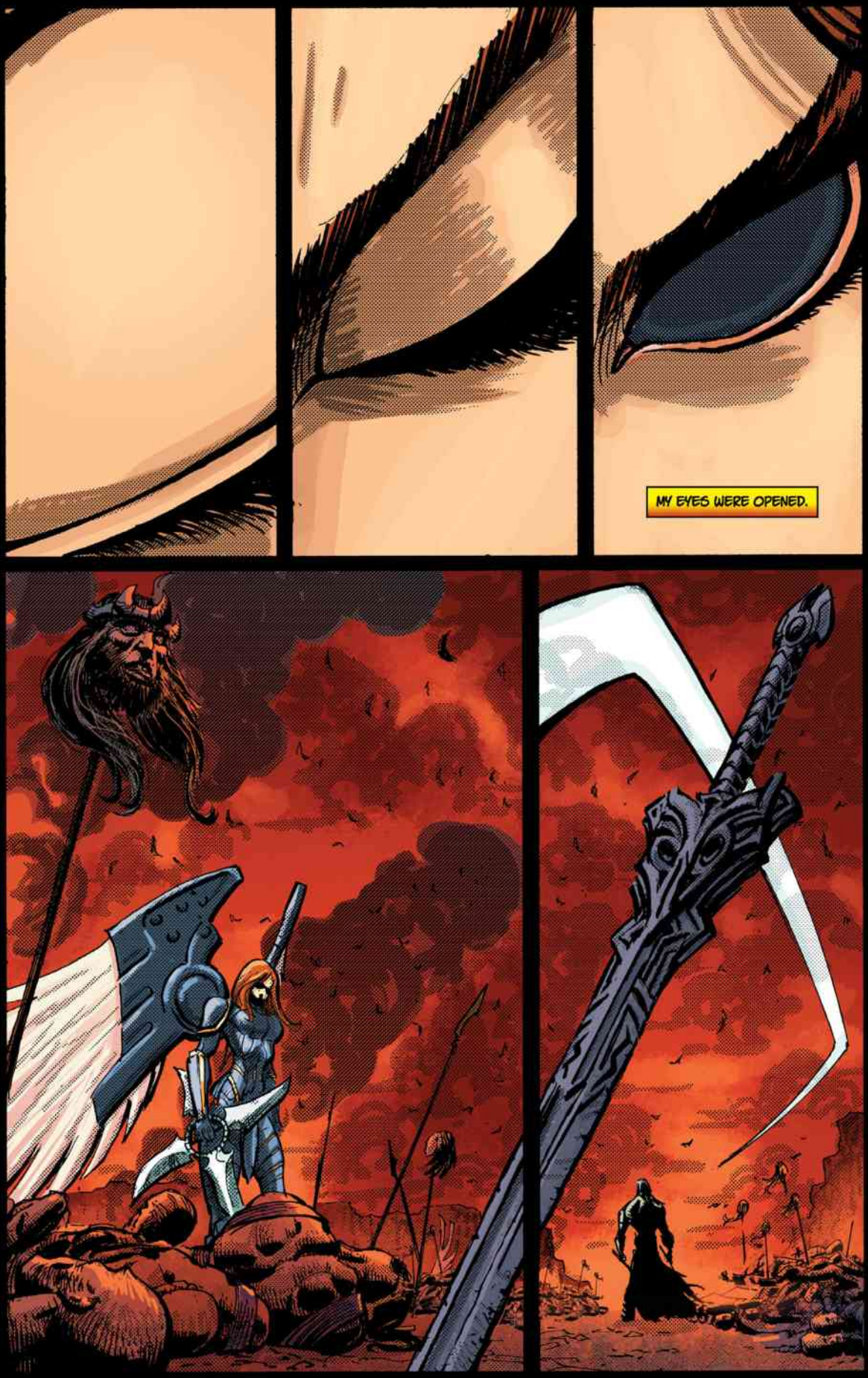
THE COUNCIL DOESN'T SEE THIS.
IT WILL BE OUR SECRET.
AND ABADDON'S.
ABADDON? HA!
THAT FOOL IS OBSESSED WITH GUARDING THE WHITE CITY...
UUUUUUUHHHHHHHK...
WHILE THE SICKNESS SPREADS HERE.


TUEZ-MOI...
THE HUMANS LACK FAITH. THEY LACK GOODNESS. THIS PLAGUE IS BUT A SYMPTOM OF THEIR UNENDING SIN.
WITH EACH SOUL LOST, HEAVEN'S LIGHT IS DIMINISHED.
BUT FAITH CAN BE REBORN. MANKIND CAN BE PURIFIED.
THIS IS WHAT I HAVE GIVEN THEM.

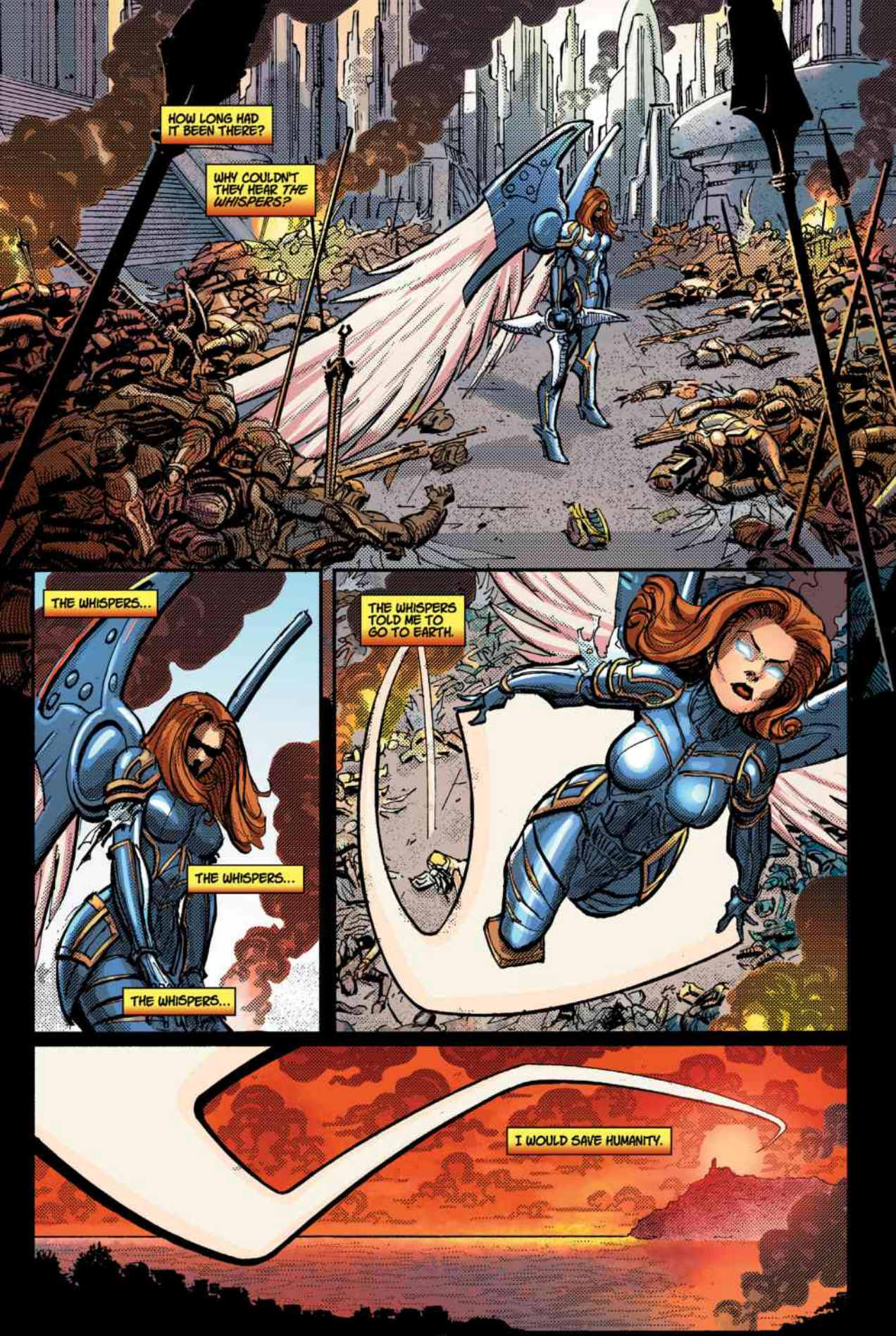
ONCE, I WAS AN ANGEL LIKE ANY OTHER.
TRAINED TO FIGHT. TO KILL WITHOUT MERCY. TO BANISH ALL THAT IS GOOD WITHIN ME, SO THAT GOOD MIGHT PREVAIL IN THE UNIVERSE.
THE GATES OF EDEN, LONG AGO...
...WHEN THE LEGIONS OF HEAVEN ALLIED WITH THE FOUR HORSEMEN TO BATTLE THE MIGHTY NEPHILIM!

IT WAS NOT DIFFICULT.
MAKHALA' LOOK OUT/
KA-TUNK
SLIIIING

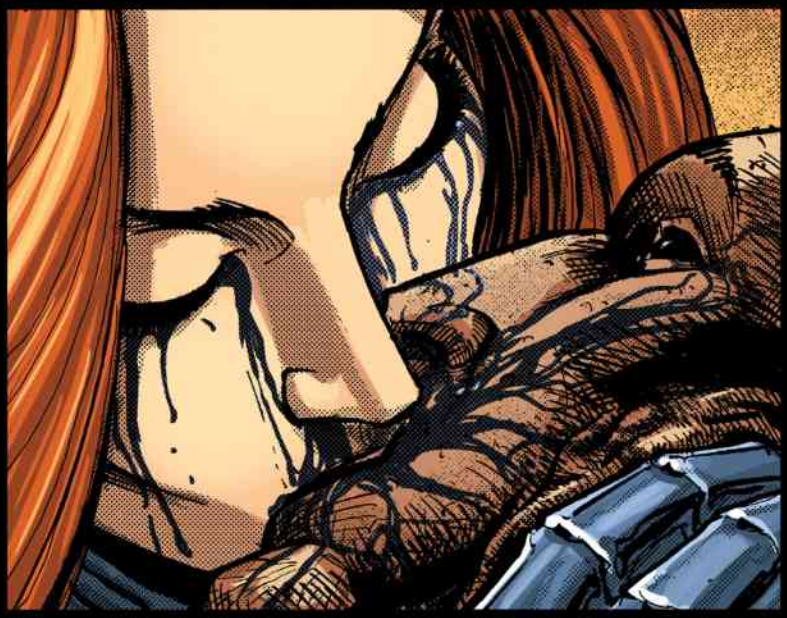
YOU --
-- WILL --
DIE!!!
WHAT HAVE WE DONE?
ONE DAY, SOMETHING CHANGED.

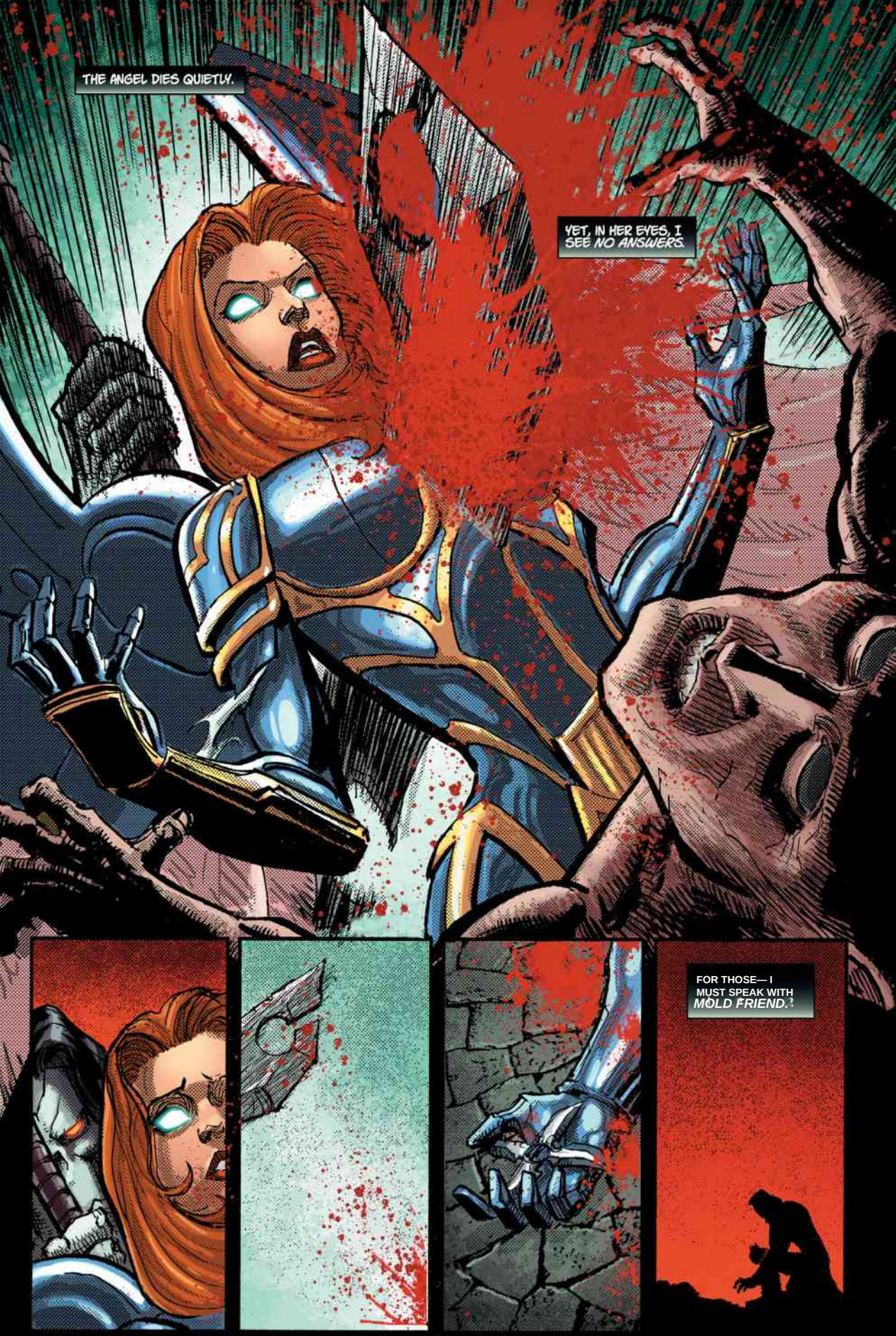

MY EYES WERE OPENED.

AND I BEGAN TO SEE THINGS AS THEY TRULY WERE.
THE DARKNESS LURKING JUST BENEATH THE SURFACE.
IT HAD INFECTED EVERYONE.
EVERYONE BUT *ME*...


HOW LONG HAD IT BEEN THERE?
WHY COULDN'T THEY HEAR THE WHISPERS?
THE WHISPERS...
THE WHISPERS...
THE WHISPERS...
THE WHISPERS TOLD ME TO GO TO EARTH.
I WOULD SAVE HUMANITY.

I




THE ANGEL DIES QUIETLY.
YET, IN HER EYES, I SEE NO ANSWERS.
FOR THOSE— I MUST SPEAK WITH MOLD FRIEND.

r t his TALISMAN PROTECTED WHOEVER . WORE IT. <
AND PO/SONED WHOEVER D/D v NOT y
A NOVEL WAY A TO ENCOURAGE FAITH/ v ABADDON. >
AND YOU D/D SAY AN6E6 WHEN YOU SENT ME TO EARTH... D/DNr you?
THE CREATURE SLAUGHTERED TEN OF MY BEST < WARRIORS/ -
I...I ASSUMED IT WAS A DEMON...
THE TIME FOR ASSUMPTIONS HAS PASSED. <

THERE IS SOMETHING OUT THERE.
SOMETHING DANGEROUS, NO LONGER BOUND BY SHADOWS.
IT CONTROLLED YOUR ANGEL AND DROVE HER TO MADNESS.
THIS...CORRUPTION EBBED WHEN THE ANGEL WAS SLAIN.
IT WILL RETURN.
AND I WILL BE READY.
SEE THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THE HORSEMAN DEATH IN DARKSIDERS II

GRAPHIC NOVELS / MEDIA TIE-IN

DARKSIDERS® II

DEATH'S DOOR

INSPIRED BY THE ART OF COMICS LEGEND JOE MADUREIRA, *Darksiders II: Death's Door* delves into the days before the Apocalypse, revealing a pivotal story in the mythology of the blockbuster game! Created in collaboration with THQ^ and Vigil Games, this original story follows Death, one of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, on a mission to destroy a rogue demon. Chasing the creature across the realms, Death takes him on a heart-pounding adventure that reveals some of the greatest mysteries of the universe!

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